

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL

## OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1881.

PRICE, \$1.65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XII.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 1.

CONTENTS.

Agricultural—The Live Stock Trade—Wool Interests—A Model Horse Barn.....	1
Veterinary—Spaying of Cows.....	1
Farm Matters—More About Permanent Pasturage—The Wool and Sheep Show—Sheep Breeding—Better Dairying in Winter—Advantages and Necessary Conditions—Value of Roots for Milk Cows—Shipping Poultry by Express—How to Utilize Books on Agriculture—New Insect Enemies and New Methods of Fighting Certain Noxious Insects—Good and Pure Seeds—Agricultural Hints—Editorial—Wheat, Corn, Oats, and Barley—Hops and Barley—Dairy Products—The Pork Trade and American Broadcasts and Provisions in Great Britain—Barb Wire Fences—State Agricultural Society—Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers of Oakland County—Michigan—General—Foreign—Farm Law—Power of Overseers of Highways—State Trees in Highways—Rights of Telegraph Companies—Pest Control—Pest Control—Pest Control—Margaret Thorn—Puts and Calls—Yankees in Russia—Chinese Beds—A Joy Never—Vanderbilt's Uncle Ennis Has a Star Mad on a Plaque—Rely on Yourself—American Men—Varieties—Chaff—The Household—Chats With My Neighbors—A Typical Farmer's Wife—Spread the Word—Letters—Pest Control—Farmer's Wife—Useful Receipts—Ringbone—Equine Pyrritis—Indigestion—A New Cotton Region—City Items—Commercial—	1
Pedro.....	6
Miscellaneous—Margaret Thorn—Puts and Calls—Yankees in Russia—Chinese Beds—A Joy Never—Vanderbilt's Uncle Ennis Has a Star Mad on a Plaque—Rely on Yourself—American Men—Varieties—Chaff—The Household—Chats With My Neighbors—A Typical Farmer's Wife—Spread the Word—Letters—Pest Control—Farmer's Wife—Useful Receipts—Ringbone—Equine Pyrritis—Indigestion—A New Cotton Region—City Items—Commercial—	6
Editorial—Wheat, Corn, Oats, and Barley—Hops and Barley—Dairy Products—The Pork Trade and American Broadcasts and Provisions in Great Britain—Barb Wire Fences—State Agricultural Society—Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers of Oakland County—Michigan—General—Foreign—Farm Law—Power of Overseers of Highways—State Trees in Highways—Rights of Telegraph Companies—Pest Control—Pest Control—Pest Control—Margaret Thorn—Puts and Calls—Yankees in Russia—Chinese Beds—A Joy Never—Vanderbilt's Uncle Ennis Has a Star Mad on a Plaque—Rely on Yourself—American Men—Varieties—Chaff—The Household—Chats With My Neighbors—A Typical Farmer's Wife—Spread the Word—Letters—Pest Control—Farmer's Wife—Useful Receipts—Ringbone—Equine Pyrritis—Indigestion—A New Cotton Region—City Items—Commercial—	6

Agricultural.

THE LIVE STOCK TRADE.

Early in the season we cautioned our readers against marketing their cattle at a time when prices were low, as we thought the indications all pointed to good prices in the future, and the course of the markets both east and west have borne out the supposition. In our own market the advance is fully 50 cents per hundred, and the prospects are that prices will still go higher. We want to impress it on the minds of our farmers that there is no need to be in a hurry marketing their cattle, and at the same time we would warn drovers against rushing stock into market in larger quantities than our dealers can handle. By doing this they may cause a reaction in the market for a short time; but from present indications cattle are going to be scarce from now until grass cattle come in, and will therefore command good prices. Our drovers have got the market here pretty well in their own hands, and know its capacity; if they flood the market and cause a break in prices they can blame no one but themselves.

The sheep trade is looking particularly favorable for feeders, and prices are not only firm but gradually advancing. The sheep trade of Michigan is one of the largest in the West, and with the improvement in quality that has been made in our sheep during the past few years, they are now found selling at the top of the market in New York. In looking over the review of the Buffalo live stock trade for 1880, published by the *Buffalo Express*, we find that the highest price paid for sheep during the year was on the 29th of May, for 300 clipped, averaging 137 lbs fed by Mr. Wm. Conley, of Marshall. This not only speaks well for the quality of our sheep, but reflects credit on Mr. Conley as a feeder. Taking the price of sheep in our market at the present time and comparing it with the corresponding period of last year, we find there is a difference of 75 cents to \$1.00 per hundred in favor of this year. This is owing entirely to the advance in mutton, as wool is not worth as much as it was at this time last season. Taking these facts into consideration, we think that our farmers will be well paid for the feed expended on sheep between now and spring.

The hog crop of Michigan we think has been to a great extent marketed, and generally with a fair profit to our farmers. The decline in prices has not been so good as last year, but prices have averaged from 50 cent to \$1.00 per hundred higher. On Thursday last J. K. Gilbert sold to Hammond & Standish 58 hogs, which Mr. Hammond tells us were the finest lot of hogs he ever handled. They averaged 401 pounds, and were raised and fed by Messrs. Bidleman and Stewart, of Little Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo County. The price paid for them was \$4.00 per car, that is without feed or water before weighing, amounting to \$1,041.74. In dressing these hogs the shrinkage was less than 15 per cent, which is exceptionally small.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—Mr. J. M. Wetherbee, of Three Rivers, this State, writes as follows: "Four years ago last fall I sold all of my sheep except the lambs. The next spring when I sheared them there were as many ticks as usual. They had no lambs that spring. The next spring when I sheared them, I found no ticks, and have never found one on them since."

ONE day last week the Michigan Central Railroad carried 1,200 head of sheep westward; 630 of these were shipped over the St. Louis road to Wamego, Kansas, by Cooper & Skinner, and will go to their farm for breeding purposes. They were bought in Michigan. No wonder sheep are bringing good prices in this State.

An idea of the slaughter of deer in Northern Michigan this season is afforded by the express reports of deer shipped at Rosemonston station for the month ending Dec. 15, the figures being 71,962 pounds. It will not be many years before deer hunting will be a thing of the past in this State if such indiscriminate slaughter is not put an end to.

WOOL INTERESTS.

(The following paper was read by Mr. H. R. Dewey, at a meeting of the members of the Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, held at Lansing, Dec. 18, 1880.)

The wool interest, in some of many forms, reaches every home in our broad land, and is intimately connected with every branch of the interior trade and manufacture of wool. It is a great source of wealth, and if the production and manufacture be encouraged and developed to the extent of supplying our home market, large sums of gold will be retained here, widening the wealth and bringing joy and contentment to our own hearth-stones, instead of swelling the coffers of our European neighbors.

Since the tariff of 1861 the wool interest in the States has steadily increased until it has gone to the magnitude of 22,000,000 lbs, and while the production in the United States has increased, the importations of woolen goods have decreased. In 1836 the production of wool in the United States was 42,000,000 lbs. The increase in production for the last 25 years has been about 248 per cent, while for the 25 years next preceding that it was only 40 per cent.

Mr. Loring Blodget, in his estimate of the value of wool manufactured within the U. S., puts the six New England states down at \$10,500,000, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, \$98,000,000; twelve Western States and Utah, \$41,200,000; twelve Southern States, \$8,000,000; California, Oregon and Washington Territory, \$7,250,000. The improvement in American machinery for spinning and weaving has undoubtedly far exceeded the imagination of the most sanguine and hopeful. The U. S. stands second to no nation in the world in the manufacture of wearing apparel—James and John Johnson, alone, of the former, having a factory of 1,000 spindles, and wool every working day, and Philadelphia has become the largest wool manufacturing city in the world. These are facts we may feel a just pride in, for as we look back—what is it within the memory of all but only a few years past?—that we have wrought the way made their boast that we were indebted to them for the clothes we wear upon our backs. To-day how is it, we ask?

In 1860 we imported about \$82,000,000 worth of manufactured goods; in 1878 only about \$25,000,000, with an increase in population of over 12,000,000 souls. In 1860 we imported \$4,342,000 worth of wool, in 1878 over \$8,000,000, or nearly double that of 1860. Thus, with the demand for manufactured goods, the demand is increasing at a boundless rate, the demand of the U. S. for the raw material increases to keep pace with the increase of population and the wonderful capacity of our improved machinery.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the

Australians will make more than we do.

The fine wool producing states have reached their highest point, and we are told the</p

## Farm Matters.

## More About Permanent Pastures.

The question of how to restore fertility to pastures, and convert land exhausted by continual grain cropping into permanent meadows, seems to be exciting considerable interest in the agricultural world at present; and in connection with the subject we give the following experiences of a Delaware correspondent of the *American Cultivator*:

"First, cultivate a good crop of clover on land first well fertilized, then plow the clover under at shallow depth as possible, so as to cover the clover with soil. Keep the land cultivated either by the harrow or cultivator, so as to destroy all weeds that may spring up, without disturbing the clover already plowed under. Next, sow the land with wheat early in the fall, manure on the top with barn yard manure, if a well-rotted supply is at hand; if not, use say about 300 pounds of good commercial fertilizer to the acre. A large quantity is not advised, as the wheat may be so strong as to smother the grass the first year. In this matter every farmer must be his own judge of the strength of his land, bearing in mind that the wheat crop in this case is not the object sought, and should not be grown sufficiently rank to fall down. Sow five quarts good, clean timothy seed with the wheat."

In the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, sow three quarts of white clover seed, if obtainable. It is always easily obtained in England, where it is extensively grown for laying damp pastures; but I have not been successful in securing seed produced in this country. In the absence of the white clover seed, sow eight quarts of red clover seed to the acre, instead. In most cases under my observation the white clover will spring up spontaneously by heavy stocking and grain feeding, which latter practice has always paid me the cost of the grain when fed regularly, in the improved condition of my animals, to say nothing of other collateral advantages.

Never mow the land, nor allow any grass to rot down. Sheep are the best grazing stock for producing a quick, permanent pasture, as they thrive best on short grass. In stocking with cattle, long grass is a necessity; then there are generally places where the grass grows coarse and sour, which the cattle will not consume unless salt is sprinkled upon it. Cattle do not enrich land upon which they are pastured, neither do they increase the growth of grass, one-quarter part as much as sheep similarly pastured. Keeping pasture land free from weeds is another advantage derived from pasturing sheep, which is not secured by cattle. By feeding sheep regularly with grain every day, they will eat any seed that grows, except thistles, as soon as it springs up. Cattle will not eat down the growth evenly, neither will they eat weeds under any circumstances.

I have seen pasture land so poor that an acre would barely keep life in two sheep. The owner, two, was about as poor as his sheep. This same land afterwards came under the management of quite a different farmer, who commenced a course of improvements, first in early spring by sowing broadcast 300 pounds Peruvian guano per acre, then putting on four sheep to the acre, that did well all Summer. When the grass failed in the winter (the land was located where winter pasturing was possible part of the time), he fed the sheep daily a little grain. The next year he sowed 200 pounds of guano per acre, and the third year the same. At that time a genuine article of guano could be bought at far less price than present cost. No doubt there are in market many artificial fertilizers that could be economically used in place of guano, and which would give satisfactory results.

The experiment above detailed was made twenty years ago. No other manure or fertilizer has been applied, except mentioned herewith, for seventeen years. Four sheep to the acre are now kept on this land all summer, on grass alone, and the same may be said during the winter, except the addition of a little grain each day, and a supply of hay to take the place of the pasture feed when the grass is covered with snow. The result has been that the last occupant of this land has a fine flock of sheep, enjoys life, and to all appearances is in good financial condition. The first occupant of this land is now employed as a shepherd by his successor. It seems to me the greatest drawback to the success of the American farmer is the plowing so much land, and the having so little permanent pasture."

## The Tool House and Repair Shop.

An exchange says that the farmer who does not count among his outbuildings a tool house and a repair shop loses a considerable sum of money every year unnecessarily. Dollar after dollar dwindles unperceptibly but surely away, because reapers and mowers, seed-drills, ploughs and harrows are suffered to remain just where they were last employed, to bear the injurious action of pelting storms and drying winds. Tools worn or loosened and calling for simple repairs are used until past all mending, and machines are run as long as possible, to finally be sent, at great expense, long distances for renovation. Everybody as a rule concedes that wagons ought to be kept under cover, and usually provision is made for them in shed or wagon-house, but many there are who do not appear to realize how ruinous it is to hay tenders, grain drills, harrows and similar instruments to be exposed to the influence of changing seasons.

On small farms the wagon house is often made to serve the three-fold service of shelter to vehicles and the larger pieces of farm machinery, with a work or repair-shop partitioned off in one corner. In the latter room should be a work-bench on one side, with shelves and brackets to hold tools, and racks for the smaller farm implements, such as hoes, rakes, shovels and the like, which may not be accommodated in the room devoted to the large machinery. Here a farmer and his boys may, with the assistance of a set of

carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, add largely to the profit side of the farm balance-sheet, not only by the early repairing of tools, machinery and harness, but during the winter months by the fashioning of numberless conveniences for the dwelling house. The repair-shop, be it understood, in sections where fuel is plentiful, ought always to be provided with a stove. An inexpensive, small chimney, will render it a comfortable place for the workmen, and afford such fire as may be required to blacksmith

as the wool, the pelts, and the increase of the flock alone, are of very considerable value. Long-winded breeds to a certain extent may also be kept here, and pay well when their fleeces fetch a fair price for combing for worsted stuff goods. On higher priced lands, convenient to a good meat market, or to a port of exportation to ship them abroad, choice mutton breeds, which bear a reasonably good fleece, are to be preferred. Here mutton, as in Great Britain, is the chief thing to be depended upon for profit, wool being only a secondary consideration.

Of the various mutton breeds, which are considered best? In answer to this we may say that each one may be the best for a certain time, and according to circumstances. If a considerably increased size and more flesh is immediately in the produce from lean natives or Merino ewes or their grades, then a fine, compact, long-wooled ram would be best to cross upon them; but only one, or, at most, two crosses should be made, for beyond this the carcass would run too much to tail, and the mutton prove too fat for table consumption, except the quarters. After these crosses, the grade sheep should be bred together, one South, or some other Down ram be put to the ewe, the produce of which would be still more improved in the mutton quality.

For the production of very choice, well marbled, lean, tender, juicy meat, the pure South down is the best of all breeds of sheep. Added to this, he is very hardy and thrifty, matures early, and fattens quickly. A flock of ewes properly taken care of, annually yield a considerable percentage of lambs over their number, and, being excellent nurses, almost invariably bring them all up well. This is the original Down of England, from crosses of which all other Down varieties have sprung, or, at least, have been greatly improved. Such are the Hampshire, and the Shropshire, and the Oxfordshire. These three last have now become essentially the same as the first mentioned, the only difference being a somewhat increased size, particularly in the Oxford. For this reason we have no doubt this will be the best and most profitable sort to breed for exportation. The general British market prefers the largest size that can be obtained, which combines with size a lean, tender, savory quality of mutton.

The experiments in feeding were made in winter, when dry hay was the principal feed. In addition to hay, two feeds per day of grain were given to each cow in milk. The feed was a mixture of corn meal and wheat bran, equal parts of each measure. When no roots were given, the grain ration was four quarts at each feeding. When roots were fed, one peck took the place of one grain ration, and it was found that the flow of milk was maintained, but when both grain rations were changed for roots, there was a shrinkage of milk. The experiments were continued for one week with each formula. If the results could be depended upon as a basis for determining values, the roots would be worth twenty-four cents per bushel, as the grain mixture was worth forty-eight cents per bushel at the time of the trials. To determine the value of the roots beyond question, the experiments should be continued for longer periods, and the weight of the animals both at the beginning and end of the trials taken into account. According to investigations made by chemists, roots are of greatest value when fed in connection with wheat bran, peas, beans, linseed, or cotton seed meal, or other highly nitrogenous foods.

## Shipping Poultry by Express.

A correspondent of the Indiana *Farmer* says:

"How to send poultry by express is an important matter, and one that seems to be little understood by most of our amateur poultry breeders; at least one would think when compelled to pay express charges on a thirteen pound coop containing a seven pound cockerel.

The express agent is supposed to belong to the same order or family as the "baggage-smasher," and I believe that all of the express companies have fallen into the singular habit of charging "double rate on fancy poultry," therefore, it is necessary in making shipping coops, to endeavor to combine strength with lightness. This I believe is best done by making a frame of dry light timber and inclosing the sides with cheap muslin; the cost of such a coop need not exceed fifteen cents at the most, and a coop large enough for a trio of fowls when properly made will not weigh more than seven pounds. Do not make your coop too large for the bird which you wish to send, as it will ride safer in a coop just large enough for it to sit or stand comfortably, but it will be one much larger. My experience is that 18 inches square is about right for a trio of full grown Plymouth Rocks, and 15x15 inches for a pair. Be sure to give them plenty of room at the top, so that their combs and tails will not be damaged by coming in contact with the coop; two feet high is about right for large birds. Put some hay or straw in the coop, and if the birds are starting on a long journey give them some food which will keep them contented till they reach their destination."

## How to Utilize Bones.

A correspondent of the *Farm and Fireside* gives his method as follows:

"After having made inquiries to the best method of realizing the most from the bones at the least expense, I shall hereafter dissolve them in wood ashes. I shall procure some old coal oil barrels, knock in one of the heads of each, range them along in a row, taking the precaution to let the bottom rest on flat stones or on poles. I shall then put in each a layer of bones to the depth of three or four inches and on them a layer of fresh wood ashes of the same thickness, and so on in alternate layers, and the whole shall be kept moist with the hot soap suds which would otherwise be thrown away on washing day. At the end of six months the whole mass can be shoveled out and thoroughly mixed with manure, thoroughly rotted dry barn yard manure, or chip manure, or in the absence of either, with light, dry, black soil."

## Agricultural Items.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Indiana *Farmer* declares that he cured his swine of hog cholera by feeding them fresh meat, and advised his brother farmers to give their swine, when first attacked, either rabbits, chickens, or fresh beef.

An exchange says butter is now sent by German directly from the maker's dairy to the consumer's table. Sometimes it is wrapped in parchment paper and then in common paper. In summer it is forwarded in tin cans or in small pasteboard or wooden packages made expressly for this purpose.

A LADY who has raised a large number of hens says that after vainly trying the recommended remedies for lice, she has hit upon the plan of giving them once or twice a week a large loaf made of Graham flour, in which a handful of sulphur has been mixed. The hens like it, and are freed from lice and kept healthy through the season.

The sum of £1,500 was offered to, and received by, the owner of a ram exhibited at the recent sheep show of the Australian Sheep

Breeders' Association, held at Melbourne, where many other valuable stud merinos were exhibited, the aggregate worth of which amounted to several thousand pounds. The animal in question was bred by Mr. Cummings.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Eng. *Garden* says that the International Potato Show has done more than anything to expose the worthlessness of poor varieties, and to narrow the field of selection, and that it is not potato shows but a demand for novelty, allied to large size, for which gardeners are responsible, that has been instrumental in creating enormous potato catalogues.

The Pacific Rural Press is authority for the statement that shrimps, shrimp-shells, small fish, and the bones of fish, in a dried state, to the value of \$600,000 to \$900,000 are annually exported from California to China for fertilizing the tea gardens there, and so highly is this description of manure prized in the Flowery Land that it is in some instances carried a thousand miles into the interior.

AND now the *Farmers' Home Journal* wants to know why Wool Growers' Associations do not secure large warehouses in which to pool wool and connect washing machinery with them? The saving of freight on the washed product would be something, besides all the grease could be converted into fertilizing material returned to the land. When sales are made, it would be so much washed wool.

As these works range in price from \$1.75 to \$2.50, and the list contains a number of standard works in each department, we expect to see a large number of our readers avail themselves of this offer.

## BOOKS! BOOKS!!

## CHEAPER THAN EVER OFFERED.

## FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

As we frequently have applications for books of various kinds from our reader we have arranged with the publishers so as to send out single copies of the following works in connection with the *FARMER*.

## HOW TO SECURE THEM

We have arranged so as to give every subscriber to the *FARMER* a chance to secure one, or as many books as may be desired. Here are the terms:

For \$2.50, we will send the *FARMER* one year and your choice of any one book from the list below, post paid.

For a club of three subscribers, at \$1.65 each, we will send you any one of the books below, post paid.

For a club of five subscribers at \$1.65 each, we will send you any two books you may choose from the list below, post paid.

For a club of six subscribers, at \$1.65 each, we will send you any five books from the list below, post paid.

As these works range in price from \$1.75 to \$2.50, and the list contains a number of standard works in each department, we expect to see a large number of our readers avail themselves of this offer.

## LIST &amp; PRICES OF BOOKS OFFERED.

## TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Wonders of the Arctic World, by Wm. H. Cunningham; Illustrated; Royal, 12 mo, cloth.

\$2.00

Living in the Polar Seas; 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Living and Discoveries in South Africa; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Explorations and Discoveries during four years wandering in the Wilds of Southern Africa, by Chas. J. Anderson; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Explorations and Discoveries in the Wilds of Central Africa, by Henry Barth, Ph. D., D. C. L.

1.75

With map and illustrations, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Hunting Scenes in the Wilds of Africa, by Wm. F. Atkinson; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Hunting Scenes in the Northern Wilds, by S. H. Hammond; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Wild Northern Scenes, by S. H. Hammond; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Perils and Pleasures of a Hunter's Life, by Peregrine Herne; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Funny Adventures in South Africa, by F. Hill; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Wonderful Adventures in India and Ceylon, by John Barlow; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Nicaragua; Past, Present, and Future, by Thos. W. Atkinson; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Early Days of California, by Col. J. T. Farnham; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Female Life Among the Mormons, by Maria Ward; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Male Life Among the Mormons, by A. N. Ward; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life and Times of Henry Clay, by S. M. Schmucker; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life and Times of Stephen A. Douglas, by H. M. Flint; with portrait on steel.

1.75

Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln, by Frank Crosby; with portrait on steel.

1.75

Life of Daniel Boone, the Great Western Hunter and Pioneer, by Cecil B. Hartley; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life of Col. David Crockett, by himself; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life of Kit Carson, the Great Western Hunter and Guide, by Charles Burdett; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

## BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

Live of Captain John Smith, the Founder of Virginia, by W. Gilmore Simms; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life of General George Washington, the Colossal Partisan Hero of the Revolution, by G. C. Hartley; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life of General Andrew Jackson, by Alexander Walker; 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life and Times of General Sam Houston, the Hunter, Patriot and Statesman; with portrait, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Lives of the Great Judges, the Celebrated Female Missionaries, by Cecil B. Hartley; Illustrated, 12 mo, cloth.

1.75

Life of Elisha Kent Kane, and of other Distinguished American Explorers, with their Researches and Adventures in remote and interesting portions of the Globe; including the lives of John C. Fremont, John Ledyard, Charles Wilkins, and others.



## MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—

## State Journal of Agriculture.

The Only Agricultural Journal Published in Michigan.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the Industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

## JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers.

Terms, in Advance.

Subscriptions.....\$1 05 per year.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

44 Larned Street West, Tribune Co.'s (Building), Detroit.

Subscribers remitting money to this office would confer a favor by having their letters registered, or procuring a money order, otherwise we cannot be responsible for the money.

## The Michigan Farmer

—AND—

## State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JAN. 4, 1880.

## HAVE YOU RENEWED?

When you receive this paper, if you have not renewed your subscription for another year, go right off and do so. You will thus get the paper without any break, and no numbers will be missed. Do not forget this.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 78,132 bu. and the shipments were 45,778 bu. The stock of wheat held here on Friday last amounted to 1,102,772 bu against 1,161,259 bu at the same time last week. The past week has been characterized by a firm tone in all the wheat markets in the country, and in this city No. 1 white is again quoted over \$1 per bu. On Tuesday of last week the market was dull, and closed at 99c against \$1 the previous day. Wednesday No. 1 advanced 4¢ and No. 2 4¢. Thursday No. 1 was a shade lower, while No. 2 maintained its position. Friday, with a market generally stronger at Chicago and New York, our own went up till No. 1 was quoted at \$1 01¢, and No. 2 at 78¢.

Yesterday the market opened active, and some speculative feeling prevailed, but values were not sustained, and closed weak. No. 1 white went up to \$1 02, but then declined, and the close \$1 00 was the best offer.

The following table exhibits the daily prices of wheat from the 15th of December to the 3d of January.

	No. 1 white	No. 2 extra white	No. 3 white	No. 4 red
Dec. 15	0 00	1 01	0 93¢	0 61
" 16	0 00	1 01 1/2	0 97 1/2	1 02
" 17	0 00	1 01 1/2	0 97 1/2	1 02
" 18	0 00	1 01	0 97	0 00
" 19	0 00	1 01	0 97	0 00
" 20	0 00	0 99 1/2	0 91 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 21	0 00	0 99	0 94	0 96 1/2
" 22	0 00	0 99	0 94	0 96 1/2
" 23	0 00	0 99	0 94	0 96 1/2
" 24	0 00	0 97 1/2	0 93 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 25	0 00	1 00	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 26	0 00	1 00	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 27	0 00	1 00	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 28	0 00	0 99 1/2	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 29	0 00	0 99 1/2	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 30	0 00	0 99 1/2	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
" 31	0 00	0 99 1/2	0 94 1/2	0 99 1/2
Jan. 1	0 00	1 01 1/2	0 97	0 00
	0 00	1 00	0 96 1/2	0 97

The closing prices for futures yesterday, as compared with those of Monday of last week were as follows:

	Dec. 27	Jan. 3.
1. No. 1 white, per cental.	1 03 1/2	1 00
2. Spring No. 2.	95 7d.	98 7d.
3. Winter wheat, near Western.	1 03 1/2	1 04 1/2
4. Winter wheat, Southern.	98 10d.	98 9d.
Flour, extra State.....	124 6d.	124 6d.
Co.	56 5d.	56 5d.

We append the cable quotations of prices in Liverpool on December 28th as compared with those of Friday last:

	Dec. 28.	Dec. 31.
1. No. 1 white, per cental.	95 7d.	98 6d.
2. Spring No. 2.	95 7d.	98 7d.
3. Winter wheat, Southern.	98 10d.	98 9d.
Flour, extra State.....	124 6d.	124 6d.
Co.	56 5d.	56 5d.

In regard to the prospects of wheat in the western States, the N. Y. Journal of Commerce has the following:

Minnesota is yet full of wheat. In October a snow-storm put an end to the threshing, and we find considerable grain yet in the stack. Heavy rains also put work back. Country roads have been very fine and farmers have been taking advantage of them, and have stored large amounts of their wheat in the elevators. There seems very little disposition to sell, and I do not look for any movement from the farms until after the spring seeding is over. Nebraska has not much spring wheat to spare this season. In fact, the crop has proved in Nebraska a failure. An element which will very largely toward a favorable spring outlook for crops in Nebraska is this, when the ground froze up it was full of moisture, and in a soil and a country where the crops are subjected to the other extreme, this is a point of great importance in estimating a coming crop. Kansas has the best prospect to-day of any state in the winter-wheat belt. Plenty of rain in the fall gave the wheat plants a fine start, and all the reports are very encouraging. The largest proportion of the old crop is gone. The winter-wheat crop in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan was sown late in many instances, and on account of severe drought made but slow growth. So far the crop has suffered no serious injury. Very large shipments were made while wheat was selling at \$1, but at present comparatively nothing is doing, farmers being so situated that they are not obliged to sell until the price suits.

The N. Y. Exchange Bulletin furnishes the following statement of wheat in sight this season as compared with the same in 1879:

	1879.	1880.
Dec. 16 bush.	Dec. 18. bush.	
Visible in U. S. and Canada... 29,709,288	29,707,689	29,707,689
On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 16,388,000	15,184,000	15,184,000
On passage for C. V. Europe... 2,915,300	6,845,789	6,845,789

Total on December 16-18... 48,915,488

Previous week... 51,884,789

Total bushels two weeks ago... 49,846,500

Total bushels three weeks ago... 47,073,680

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,389,621

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

Visible in U. S. and Canada... 52,336,184

On passage for U. K. Kingdom... 52,336,184

On passage for C. V. Europe... 52,336,184

&lt;p

the right of way for a reservation.  
dead by an unknown  
litter sitting at a window  
in his brains, last week,  
of losing his position.

postoffice clerk at St.  
Johns, N. Y., has presented each of  
shares of Lake Shore  
Railway stock, as a

s. of Indiana, has been  
N. J., for embezzlement  
little truth in the

now and Engineer Geo.  
train which caused  
O., last week, have  
erry establishment of  
Ohio, was damaged  
to the extent of \$15,500.

and Pacific Railroad  
that it will reduce  
passenger tariff on all its  
miles.

Tuesday last at  
93 years. He was a  
member of the Old  
Waterloo.

the amount of bullion  
(Col.) smallness in  
on and ore shipments  
were \$22,250,000.

, has sent to the  
one year for larceny.  
he will probably apply  
that he is an Ohio

editor of the Troy, N.  
Edward Murphy,  
dog fight last Monday,  
between a white man and  
Monroe, Va., last week,  
killed and two  
The white man, whose  
ested.

oach merchant, of Elk  
Friday. Liabilities  
assets not known.  
Chicago jobbers are the  
the loss.

\$7,000, season tick-  
the railroads  
much encouragement  
men, but we doubt if  
their wives.

Wm. and Fanny  
Ind., were frozen to  
er's arms Wednesday  
was trying to keep them  
constitute, and its banner victory.—U. S.  
Economist.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

creates false balances, issues promises to pay with the intent to defraud, practices deception in buying and selling, and generally winds up with a hidden bank account gained at the expense of unsuspecting creditors. In manufacturers it uses shoddy and palms off the fabric as composed of pure materials. It adulterates drugs and food supplies with deleterious compounds. In money circulation it counterfeits gold and silver with base metals, and bank notes with spurious bills. In the church it wears the mask of hypocrisy, and when hatching its vilest schemes is always most sanctimonious. In political affairs it perpetrates unblushing frauds—uses tissue ballots at the polls to defeat the will of the majority, organizes forgeries on an extensive scale to carry an election, and would ruin character to gain partisan advantage. In official station it uses place and power to further its own schemes, and in its greed will strike for gain through the highest and most sacred functions of government. It creates enormous municipal debts, robs treasuries, wrecks banks, and destroys trust institutions as well as credit. It is the grouch of society, the foe of reform, the pandancer to evil, and the prolific parent of vice. It fills jails with tenants, and crowds prisons with convicts. It destroys virtue, pollutes innocence, ruins the unsuspecting, and leaves a trail as deadly as the serpent across the sanctities of home. Can it be true that this hideous monster prevails as largely in business, churches, trades, employment, politics and social life? Is it a fact that honesty is a scarce commodity? For the credit of our civilization and of our common humanity, we do not believe it. The fact is clear, however, that there is too much deception and fraud prevalent. Too many men in business, as well as in churches are dishonest. It is high time to sound the alarm over the decadence of public morals and private worth. The young men of the nation must be exhorted to abstain from evil, and cultivate habits of correct living. No young man need ever fail for the want of friends, influence, and position, who is honest, truthful and energetic. Honesty is the best capital ever used in the affairs of life. It is as solid as adamant, overcomes defeat, is superior to craft, and shines as the pure gold. Its crown is excellence, its title manhood, its arm exaltation, and its banner victory.—U. S. Economist.

## Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under the heading "Law in Relation to Agriculture," will be answered in this column or letter. Address communications to Henry A. Hurlburt, Counsellor at Law, 33 Seitz Block, Detroit, Mich.

## POWER OF OVERSEER OF HIGHWAYS.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 23, 1880.  
To the Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Can you inform me through the FARMER whether the Overseer of Highway, in working the public roads, has the legal right to work clear up to the line between the road and private property? If not, how near can he work?

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The Overseer of Highways is charged with the duty of keeping the roads in his district in repair, and in doing so he must necessarily act in accordance with his judgment and common sense as to the public. He may make the road-bed as wide as he deems necessary for the public use, and to do so may, I apprehend, work out to the limits of the street, if needful to obtain the requisite amount of earth, etc. If he proceeds in good faith, without malice, and only so far as his view of the public necessity demands, he will not be liable to adjacent owners who may be damaged.

## SHADE TREES IN HIGHWAYS.

Mr. Charles W. Garfield, Secretary of the State Horticultural Society, writes to know, in substance, how the statement recently made in this column that the owner of land fronting the highway has the legal right to cut down shade trees in front of his land, can be reconciled with the provision of statute (1 Comp. L. 459) which makes it unlawful and punishable by heavy fine to destroy such trees.

It will, I apprehend, be found that the statement in question has application only to persons who are not owners of the land on which the trees stand.

The policy of our laws strongly favors the planting and preservation of shade trees in the public highways; but it must be remembered that such trees are the private property of the adjacent owners, and that legislative control of them against such owners is extremely limited. Were their protection necessary to the public health or welfare, it might then be exercised even as against the owners; but the mere consideration of ornamenting the highway (important as my horticultural friend may justly deem it), could not under our constitution, justify the legislature in enacting a law which would deprive any citizen of his property. The statute referred to will therefore doubtless be found not to have that intent.

rights of TELEGRAPH COMPANIES.

And now comes J. T. B., a worthy farmer of Michigan, and complains that a party of "very saucy scalawags," calling themselves the American Union Telegraph Company, have stuck up their poles and strung their wires in front of his farm without regard to his emphatic protest and against his earnest wishes. He says that they have even planted one of their poles so nearly in front of the gate to his private way as to impede his progress thither; he wants to know what he shall do about it.

Our friend has opened a question which involves the validity of some important legislation. The statute (1 Comp. L. 874) authorizes telegraph companies to construct their lines along any of the public roads of the State; and it provides that if any person over or through whose lands the lines pass feels aggrieved, he may apply to the Circuit Court, and it shall appoint commissioners to ascertain the damages, which on being approved by the Court must be paid by the company. The statute has two serious, possibly fatal, defects. It was passed in 1851, before the adoption of our present constitution, which provides that when private property is taken for the use of the public the necessity for using such property, and the compensation to be made therefor,

shall be ascertained by a jury of twelve freholders residing in the vicinity of such property, or by three commissioners appointed by a court of record. Under the old constitution—which was in force at the time of passing the statute referred to—it was not thus necessary to have a judicial finding of the necessity for the proposed taking. All the jury or commissioners had to do was to assess the damages, and the legislature or the persons or corporation whom they allowed to act in the matter could determine as to the necessity for the taking. But now the jury or commissioners must find that the proposed taking is necessary. This the statute does not provide for, and in that particular is partially defective; proceedings under it are so far void, and the parties proceeding are trespassers. The other probable difficulty with the statute is, that in it the legislature undertakes to give away what does not own, or of which it does not have control. It gives telegraph companies the right to put up their lines along any highway. We have seen in former articles that the public only owns the right to pass and repass in the highways. Whether this includes the right to put a telegraph line there is a question. In my opinion it does not, and the legislature has no authority to give that right to any corporation. There has been conflict of opinion where the question has been considered with reference to railroads. Judge Cooley in his "Constitutional Limitation" p. 548 says: " \* \* \* that the weight of judicial authority is against the power of Landreth's Seeds to give them a trial. Those remote from Druggists, Grocers and others sell Landreth's Seeds to them." Ask your storekeeper for Landreth's Seeds in Original Sealed Packages or drop a Postal Card for prices and catalogue to DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

myself

</div

## Poetry.

## MY LITTLE BROWN MARE.

She's rather too lean, but her head's a large size,  
And she hasn't the average number of eyes;  
Her hind legs are not what you'd call a good pair,  
And she's broken both knees, has my little brown  
mare.

You can find some amusement in counting each  
rib,

And she bites when she's hungry like mad at her  
crib;

When viewed from behind she seems all on the  
square—

She's quite a Freemason—my little brown mare.  
Her paces are rather too fast, I suppose,

For she often comes down on her fine Roman  
nose,

And the way she takes fences makes hunting men  
stare,

For she backs through the gaps, does my little  
brown mare.

She has curbs on her hocks and no hair on her  
knees;

She has spines and has spavins wherever you please;

Her neck, like a vulture's, is terribly bare,

But still she's a beauty, my little brown mare.

She owns an aversion to windmills and ricks,

When passing a wagon she lies down and kicks;

And the clothes of her groom she'll persistently  
tear—

But still she's no vice, has my little brown mare.

When turned down to grass she oft strays out of  
bounds;

She always was famous for strapping at bounds;

And even the baby was learned to beware

The too playful bite of my little brown mare.

She prances like mad and she jumps like a flea,

And her waltz to a broken bone is something to see;

Noelius has ever a horse, I declare,

That could go through the hoops like my little  
brown mare.

I mount her but seldom—in fact, to be plain,  
Like the Frenchman, when hunting, I "do not  
remain."

Since I've only one neck it would hardly be fair

To risk it in riding my little brown mare!

Punch.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,

From angels bending near the earth,

To touch their harps of gold;

"Peace on earth, good-will to men,

The world in solemn stillness lay

To hear the angels sing,

Sil through the cloven skies they come,

With a sound of雄伟的声势,

And still their heavenly music floats

Over all the weary world;

Above its sad and lonely plains,

They send hovering wing,

And ever'er its Hallel sounds

The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife

The world has suffered long;

Beneath the sun's dim rays have rolled

The sombre shades of gloom;

And man at war with man, hears not

The love-song which they bring;

Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,

And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on

By prophet brods foretold,

With the swarthy gloom of years;

Comes every soul to judgment—

Low groan; for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing;

Oh, rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on

By prophet brods foretold,

With the swarthy gloom of years;

Comes every soul to judgment—

Low groan; for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing;

Oh, rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing.

Miscellaneous.

## MARGARET THORN.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As Love's young dream," sang George  
Arcastle, as he stood outside the low cot-  
tage gate in the Autumn twilight. "Do  
you believe that, Daisy?"

The girl, who stood just inside it, her  
clasped hands resting lightly on his arm as  
he bent over her, laughed a low, contented,  
childish laugh, which told a tale of quiet  
happiness.

"I don't know whether I believe it or  
not," she answered. "But," timidly, "I  
believe in you."

Was it her fancy, or did a cloud pass  
over the handsome face above her? She  
thought so at first, but the smile which  
came close upon it made her doubt.

"What dear little girl it is," he ex-  
claimed, touching her pink cheek softly.

"What a dear little innocent heart!"  
She looked at him shily, a sidewise, bird-  
like look, which made her pet name seem  
most aptly given, for he often called her  
Birdie.

"Don't laugh at me," she pleaded.  
"Ought I not believe in you?"

He bent to kiss her. "Yes, yes, believe  
in me, little one. I would not make a jest  
of you for the world. I must not keep  
you longer, the dew is falling, and your  
dress is damp already. Good night."

"So soon?" If the lips did not express  
the words, the sweet face showed her dis-  
appointment. "Shall I see you to-mor-  
row, George?" she asked.

"Probably. I'll not promise, so don't  
be disappointed if I fail."

"But why should you fail?" she asked,  
wondering how he could like to tantalize  
her.

"Would you know, my dear one? It is  
because I shall have to be away to morrow,  
—to see some people staying at the great  
fashionable sea-place, two miles off. Good-  
night, again."

Daisy stood for a few moments, looking  
at the sea in front of her, still-to-night; and  
then went into the cottage with the happy  
heart.

"So Mr. Arcastle has gone," said her  
father, laying his paper aside with a little  
sign of satisfaction; "we can have a quiet  
evening together, you and I. By the way,  
Daisy, this sea air is doing wonders for  
you; you are actually growing rosy. I am  
glad we came, and it was lucky, our get-  
ting these cheap, pretty lodgings, wasn't  
it?"

"Yes," answered Daisy. "Everything  
has come about very happily for us, papa,  
very happy indeed."

"One thing troubles me, Daisy," he said,  
a little anxiously; "after the pure air of  
the country you will not like London."

"Never fear for me, papa; I am not go-  
ing to dislike anything. And, besides, we  
have two weeks yet to enjoy of these  
lovely sea-side breezes, we so need not

think of any worry that is to come. Papa, I will play for you if you like—mu-  
sic sounds best in the twilight—and you  
shall lie and listen and go to sleep if you  
will."

There was an old piano in the room  
by the window; it was not much now,  
but it had a sweet tone. And Daisy, sit-  
ting at it in the darkness, translated the  
language of her happy heart into music.

"Two weeks more," she had said. Two  
weeks of love and happiness.

Nearly every day of that two weeks had  
brought George Arcastle to the little white  
cottage that stood nearly a mile from the  
village; sometimes but for a few minutes  
lost for a longer stay.

Mr. George Arcastle, gentleman and man  
of the world, was fighting a battle with  
himself—and it was a very rare thing for  
Mr. Arcastle to do.

Disagreeable tasks often get procrasti-  
nated, and just about this time Mr. Ar-  
castle mentioned that he was going out of  
town to spend the Christmas—should  
probably be away a month. Daisy's face  
fell, but her father's brightened. "I'll  
not speak to him till he comes back," he  
said to himself; "and perhaps there may  
be no necessity to do it at all. He may  
never return his acquaintance with us; and  
it may be all the better for Daisy in  
the end if he does not. There is a secret-  
ness about him that I don't like."

So Mr. Arcastle departed on his visit,  
and the father and daughter remained on  
in their solitary loneliness.

More than a month passed before he  
again appeared at Amity-place. Daisy  
met him with a white, sad face, and she  
wore a deep black dress that told its own  
story.

"He was buried yesterday," she gasped.  
"Only yesterday."

Mr. Arcastle had not an unfeeling  
face. He was deeply shocked; and when  
Daisy grew a little calmer he got her to tell  
him some of the particulars.

"It was the very day after you were last  
here. Papa had been making ready to  
walk out; he was going to a picture-dealer to  
see if he could get an order; I wished him  
good-bye, and went to my room to fetch  
some work. When I came back he was  
sitting on the carpet here, his head on a  
chair; he had turned faint and fallen, he  
told me. Mrs. Wilson got a doctor in; he  
said papa must go to bed, or at least rest  
and be still, if he wanted to get better. From  
that day he never went out; never;  
instead of getting better he grew worse,

She seemed to recite this mechanically,  
a little sob catching her throat now and  
then. Mr. Arcastle drew a deep breath.

"I am deeply sorry. I wish I had been  
here to visit him!"

"Yes, if you had been! We had no  
one, you know."

"No one. And—what are you going  
to do now, Daisy?"

"Oh, that's all settled," she said, calmly.  
"I am painting water-color drawings; lit-  
tle things on cardboard. They bring me  
enough to live and to pay. Mrs. Wilson  
lets me stay here for the present."

"It must be good-night and good-bye  
this time," said George Arcastle, as they  
stood by the gate in the twilight, for she  
had strolled down the garden with him, it  
had been in Amity-place. For a few weeks  
they were busy in settling themselves in  
them; and the excitement, together with  
the gratification of looking at the picture  
galleries, did Mr. Thorn good. The land-  
lady, Mrs. Wilson, a good-hearted, motherly  
woman, always busy, took genially to the  
pale, gentle artist, and to the no less  
gentle daughter who had such pleasant,  
honest, sweet brown eyes and rather sad  
heart.

"And he—he seemed happy, too, but in a  
fitful way that troubled Daisy a little  
sometimes; seasons of gaiety alternating  
with seasons of gloom. She could not  
understand them, and they began to torment  
her unreasonably.

"Perhaps these things are as well as  
anything else you could do for yourself at  
present," he acknowledged, as he laid the  
drawing down. And by and by he took  
it back.

"And I suppose you sell these things for  
a good price?" she asked.

"They don't fetch much, it's true. But  
I am very industrious. See! here are two  
ready to go."

Opening a portfolio that lay on the table,  
she showed him two small water-colors.  
Mr. Arcastle was no judge of art; but he  
saw how pretty they were.

"Why, that's a view at Fairseat!" he  
exclaimed, gazing at one of them.

"Yes," she sighed, "I did it from mem-  
ory. Here is the cottage gate we used to  
stand at, and these are the rocks, and that's  
the sea in the distance."

"Perhaps these things are as well as  
anything else you could do for yourself at  
present," he acknowledged, as he laid the  
drawing down. And by and by he took  
it back.

"They don't fetch much, it's true. But  
I am very industrious. See! here are two  
ready to go."

Opening a portfolio that lay on the table,  
she showed him two small water-colors.  
Mr. Arcastle was no judge of art; but he  
saw how pretty they were.

"Why, that's a view at Fairseat!" he  
exclaimed, gazing at one of them.

"Yes," she sighed, "I did it from mem-  
ory. Here is the cottage gate we used to  
stand at, and these are the rocks, and that's  
the sea in the distance."

"Perhaps these things are as well as  
anything else you could do for yourself at  
present," he acknowledged, as he laid the  
drawing down. And by and by he took  
it back.

"They don't fetch much, it's true. But  
I am very industrious. See! here are two  
ready to go."

Opening a portfolio that lay on the table,  
she showed him two small water-colors.  
Mr. Arcastle was no judge of art; but he  
saw how pretty they were.

"Why, that's a view at Fairseat!" he  
exclaimed, gazing at one of them.

"Yes," she sighed, "I did it from mem-  
ory. Here is the cottage gate we used to  
stand at, and these are the rocks, and that's  
the sea in the distance."

"Perhaps these things are as well as  
anything else you could do for yourself at  
present," he acknowledged, as he laid the  
drawing down. And by and by he took  
it back.

"They don't fetch much, it's true. But  
I am very industrious. See! here are two  
ready to go."

Opening a portfolio that lay on the table,  
she showed him two small water-colors.  
Mr. Arcastle was no judge of art; but he  
saw how pretty they were.

"Why, that's a view at Fairseat!" he  
exclaimed, gazing at one of them.

"Yes," she sighed, "I did it from mem-  
ory. Here is the cottage gate we used to  
stand at, and these are the rocks, and that's  
the sea in the distance."

"Perhaps these things are as well as  
anything else you could do for yourself at  
present," he acknowledged, as he laid the  
drawing down. And by and by he took  
it back.

"They don't fetch much, it's true. But  
I am very industrious. See! here are two  
ready to go."

Opening a portfolio that lay on the table,  
she showed him two small water-colors.  
Mr. Arcastle was no judge of art; but he  
saw how pretty they were.

"Why, that's a view at Fairseat!" he  
exclaimed, gazing at one of them.

"Yes," she sighed, "I did it from mem-

JARY 4, 1881.

part of the contract of sale. The erroneous, and for husband would be re-

in Russia.

looks down on the English, the reserve all their good- With them "America" is the synonym of intrepid enterprise, and a frank truth-discoverers "Yankees" -M. Jablachoff, electric candle, and bold Asiatic explorer, Yankees.

with a Russian friend destiny of our globe. of worrying our- He be- the "globe," he is no serious danger she has on board our If a collision with should threaten her, at once rig up a rudder device, and get

particularly charmed manners of Ameri- cal to a characteristic Russians themselves. the bottom of their arrogance, and walk- is why the Russians to the people across of the abyss that lies

and that of the

friend is that Ameri- cal, and American busi- sular, are warmly wel- on the part of the Czar's not the least fear that the Russians with re- I asked a colonel of he had any apprehensions from the close sians and the Ameri- least," he answered, citizens are too sensible to be dangerous to our ing with the idle to suppose the most improbable things."

capitalists and business particularly glad to have e, and closely observe business. They pre- their engineers to Russia to study appears that the work engineers has con- opinion which the of the Czar's beforehand, built by them in some boring for petroleum al some of their mining satisfied the most ex- tions of the Russians. nical machines and im- machines, iron stoves, dried fruits, and many fair demand every- thing, and I have frequent- Why don't you to make these things would be sure to sell of the last assur- to the great and pro- Petersburg, operated American Rubber Com- gering Letter.

Beds.

ds of Chinese beds, and for a complete shutting ing curtains and tapes- kind is like a sort of roof, just the proper, supported at a feet from the floor on and two intermediate of freeze or entabla- around horizontally, that when you are in ened in a sort of cage, and tumble out. The is sometimes very rich, paid for them; but the kind is made of two something like the old-fashioned "settle," on the floor, facingress is placed on these frames, and a across the top, then shuts all in, and tly as the taste and er are able. Inside, the mattress of the bed lies on roll of stuff for the making a very thick cot-

under the legs of a as an effective noise, it being found in certain factory the coppersmiths was the room below, their each leg a rubber sand or saw dust ap- to afford similar im- of sand or sawdust poured into each keg, block or block upon which the leg and block and or sawdust. By is said, not only all tension and shock are so- that an ordinary may be used even in without annoying its

wheels were discovered in the mines of Portu- have been used by gic purposes. The number of wood, pieces of pine, the axle and oak. They are sup- 0 years of age, yet the state of preserva- thoroughly immersed in the salts of copper and

to immigration, South Carolina has bringing immigrants into for three years.

*A JOY FOREVER.*

We passed from out the dazzling light, We left the rustling throng of dancers; Miss Smith had said to me, "We might, I thought, sit out the Lancers." And, wandering on our lost way—

A country house is most perplexing—

Miss Smith was filled with sweet dismay,

And closer clung—'twas very vexing.

We rested at a window seat,

My hand detected in the half willing;

Of the number of the floor, the heat,

Some mischievous o'er each head entwined,

Gave rise to such tempesting banter,

I kissed her—lost my peace of mind—

And got a piece of hers instantan-

She stamped her foot, her bosom rose

And fell with mad impatience;

She said—but what she said, lord have

For I was in the administration.

But there she stood, a deer at bay,

A picture for a master's sketching;

I soothed her as a mortal may,

And thought she never looked so fetching.

My deeds were rash, my words insane—

At length we could no longer stay—

And when we joined the dance again—

Miss Smith was—she was tired.

My love, but I'm in this position;

The tantrum which I once admired

Have failed from frequent repetition.

—Nym Crinkle.

## VANDERBILT AND UNCLE RUFUS HATCH.

A reporter of the *World* asked on Saturday last from Uncle Rufus Hatch his opinion on the situation of the stock market, and was promptly informed. "Every thing in Wall Street is at sixes and at sevens, and we had better be careful or we shall soon be at threights and at elevens. However, I don't care to say anything about the stock market, as I am so often misquoted."

"You say that dreamily."

"That is because of my dream last Sunday night on the cars, when I was returning from Washington. And if the *World* dares to print it on my authority it shall have it. Don't you forget though, that my morning dreams never go by contraries. I dreamed that I was the son of the old Commodore who did not feed his flock on the Grampian Hills of Staten Island, where for a long time I was a frugal swain. I dreamed my father made millions of money by running steamboats and ferry boats in opposition to other people, and that when he was gathered to his forefathers at the ripe old age of eighty-three, he left me about \$100,000,000, which in five years' time I had multiplied to about \$300,000,000, after settling with my sisters, aunts and cousins brothers. I dreamed that I was in the habit of yearly crossing the ocean-ferry and purchasing real pictures, not chromos or lithographs, of imaginary profits, worth in a batch \$500,000 as the world wags, and that I bought horses on my return that cost \$10,000 each, less or more, or 'Assommor,' or words to that French effect. I also dreamed that I did not pay any taxes—to speak of. That I purchased \$100,000,000 of Government bonds, which were free from taxation, thereby saving me the trouble of palavering with the urban President Wheeler of the Tax Commission. I dreamed that in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you will have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

"Well, sweet William," said St. Peter, "we only had one fault to find with Mr. Peabody when he came here, and that was he left America and went to England to die that he might have a long funeral. But, my sweet William of the golden parterres of earth, if what you just said is true, I will see that you have every facility to prove it. I shall telephone down to New York and see if there is any one upon whom I can rely who will verify your statement. In the mean time you can go out and look at the pictures of the subterranean world, and if you get tired—as I know you will—you can visit the stables and select the fastest horses and exercise them, say twelve hours a day to commence with, and as soon as I find your statement is correct I will send for you to return to this celestial ticket office. You know up here we are all old foggies; we never resign or die, and we are very conservative, and analogous to what you managed in affairs on earth; we constitute a close corporation. Now you must excuse me, I have no time to go into an argument of how you managed your interests on earth, but please remember that you will have a fair show."

"What! am I to go to purgatory?"

"Please remember that I have just stated that we have no purgatory; it is only retribution. Some people work a hundred years and some a thousand, with additional hours, at what they did on earth to make up for the hardship which they gave to men who amassed their wealth for them."

"Just at that moment," continued Uncle Rufus, "the conductor of the Washington train came in and shouted, 'Tickets!' which waked me up just before we arrived at Elizabeth on our way to Jersey City." —New York *World*.

## VARIETIES.

## PROCL. NEGOTIIS.

I think that if I had a farm, I'd be a man of sense; If it's the day for bright and warm I'd sit upon the fence; And calmly smoke a pipe.

And wonder if the corn was ripe And counsel l'homme qui git dura.

If and the day was wet and cold, I think I should admire.

Then I'd sit and draw out oil.

And make soap before the fire;

And pity biddy who could lie And think that I was a man of sense.

And then I'd think that I was comfortable myself."

"Do you call that real cutlet, waiter?" said a London exquisite, one of the most delicate type even in that favored region of exquisites, the West End. "Why, sir, such a real cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire." The waiter hung his head in very shame for a moment, and then replied in the language of humble apology, "I really didn't mean to insult you, sir."

"Can you keep a secret?" said Mr. Middlebry, impressively looking at his wife. "Indeed, I can," she exclaimed, eagerly, running across the room that she might cling to the lapels of his coat while she listened.

"Well," said the brutal man, "you can do a great deal more than I can, then. I never could remember one long enough to tell it."

—Burlington *Hawkeye*.

E. L. N.Y.

## Chaff.

We have often seen a full-blooded American become a little lrie-irish.

Nature luvs phun; if she doesn't she never would have made a monkey.

Street Row—First gambl: "I'll fill your mouth with gravel." Second gambl: "You'll have a big job doin' it." First gambl: "Oh, I'll get a steam shovel."

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a general of a colored porter. "No, sir," answered the porter, "dat am de second ringin' ob de fu' bell." We hab but one bell in dis establishment."

"Shares are sellin' like hot cakes, and we have only a few left. Everybody says the White Horse is a big investment."

"What are sheers worth to-day?"

to take a ticket with a return, if that be always intended, and the lady took the plaque in her hand and went to the kitchen, where she brained the cook. There was nothing else to do. Ladies who have plaques, and any lady is liable to have them, as they are said to be catching should watch the cook. —Milwaukee Sun.

## Rely on Yourself.

It is related of Stephen Girard that he had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben. Lippincott, So when Ben got to be 21 he expected to hear the Governor say something of his future prospects and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject.

Ben mustered courage: "I suppose I am now free," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Certainly, sir—greatest of pleasure, sir. Sorry you didn't hold them one day more and get the full face value!"

A FARNOR'S OPINION OF CONSTABLES.—The other night Tom Hand, a constable, desiring to seize \$20 worth of goods on an execution against Mrs. Robert Morton, of St. Louis, could find nothing but her pet poll-parrot, which was perched away up on a window-sill. Tom was about to leave with empty hand, when the parrot sang out: "Hilloa! Hilloa! Hilloa!" Tom looked up and saw the bird. "Here's something," said he to himself, "that's worth \$20, I'll hook on to it." He reached up to grasp Poll, but Poll would not be seized, and pecked at him and sang: "Hands off! Hands off! I'll call the peers!"

"I'm a constable," said Tom; "I've got the papers here, and you can call who you please."

"Burn the papers," said Poll. "Police! police!"

Tom made another grab, and this time he caught Poll by the throat and carried her over to the court. When he got there he put her in a basket. As soon as Poll's throat was free again she opened another tirade on Tom. She called him all manner of names, and ended each sentence with: "You can go to Chicago; you're a gentleman."

Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best company in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best

(Continued from first page.)

place a suture of three or four double threads waxed at an equal distance, and at two centimetres or a little less from the lips of the wound, passing it through the divided tissues; we move from the left hand with the piece of thread; having reached that point we fasten with a double knot, we place the seam in the intervals of the thread from the right, and as we approach the lips of the wound, we fasten by a simple knot with a bow, being careful not to close too tightly the lower part of the seam, so that suppuration which may be established in the wound, may be able to escape. This operation effected we cover up the wound with a pledge of lint kept in its place by three or four threads passed through the stitches and all is completed, and the cow is then led back to the stable. (Continued next week.)

## Ringbone.

ROME, Jan., Dec. 27, 1880.

To the Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
DEAR SIR—I have a valuable colt, golden chestnut, with white feet. He is enjoying excellent health, and is in fine condition. He has enlargements on his hind legs that have made their appearance lately just above the hoof, and have all the appearance of the ringbone, although there is no lameness. Now would it be advisable to doctor him while he is not lame and if so, please give a remedy.

A SUBSCRIBER'S SON.

**Answer.**—Your colt evidently has a ringbone on both hind pasterns. As the animal is not lame no treatment is necessary. Such ringbones rarely cause lameness, as they are usually the result of hereditary transmission either on the side of sire or dam; or it may date back to the grand sire or dam. Diseases in our domestic animals as in man, sometimes escape one or two generations and reappear in the next. This colt evidently was foaled with these ringbones, hence the non-appearance of lameness.

## Equine Pityriasis.

HOLLY, Dec. 21, 1880.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
I have a black horse 8 years old, in good flesh and apparently in good health, who eats well, but when in the stable or field, he is continually rubbing and biting himself, hide somewhat tight, hair some rough, skin is not broken at all, but the hair is just white with a sort of dandruff. Tell me what ails him and what to do for him and oblige a reader and subscriber of your paper.

R. S.

**Answer.**—The symptoms as above are rather indefinite. There are no less than seven classes of cuticular or skin diseases with several varieties in each class; the symptoms of each quite different. In your animal we will regard it as belonging to the scaly class of skin diseases, and of the variety pityriasis, or superficial inflammation of the skin, extending over the greater part of the body, attended by more or less itching, causing the animal to rub against anything within his reach. This disease sometimes appears in dry white scales or dandruff. Treatment: Take the horse in a comfortable place, scrub him over from head to foot with castile soap and water, using a soft scrubbing brush for the purpose, rub him tolerably dry. Then bathe with the following wash, using the scrubbing brush as before, half pound hypophite of soda, dissolved in one gallon of water; two or three washings at intervals of three or four days are sufficient. If the weather is cold be careful to protect the animal by proper clothing. A little alternative medicine may be given with good results. The following will answer the purpose, flour of sulphur, 2 oz.; black antimony, 1 oz.; nitrate of potash, 1 oz.; mix and divide into eight powders, give one morning and night in the feed.

## Indigestion.

ALMONT, Dec. 22, 1880.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
DEAR SIR—I have an ox nine years old, he is thin in flesh and I can't feed him green because it gives him the scours. What shall I do for him? Please state in the FARMER. Yours truly, J. D.

**Answer.**—From the symptoms given it is impossible for us to diagnose the disease in your ox. The probabilities are that he is suffering from indigestion. The feeding of grain in such a diseased condition is often attended by scouring, particularly when at work; but, such scouring may arise from other causes. The necessity of calling the attention of our readers to a strict observance of every symptom present in a sick animal, however trifling at the hotel where he was boarding by taking morphine. He was engaged to marry a young lady, but she discovered he had a wife and children living in Canada, and immediately broke off the engagement. Wright, who was of intemperate habits, then arranged to commit suicide, and did so in a very business like way, making a will leaving the young lady what property he had. It seems Wright had commenced proceedings for a divorce from his wife, but could not get one because he had not been a resident of the State for a sufficient length of time.

MESSRS. NEWCOMB, ENDICOTT & CO., the well-known dry goods merchants, are preparing to move into the very handsome building now being finished for them on Woodward Avenue, and before doing so propose selling off the bulk of their fine stock of goods. To do this as soon as possible they have reduced prices on all lines of goods regardless of cost, and ask the attention of our readers to the fact that such a sale is in progress. When in the city give them a call, and you will undoubtedly save enough on your purchases to pay railroad fare. The stock carried by this house is one of the largest and finest in the west, and is well worth an inspection by those who are purchasing dry goods.

## A New Cotton Region.

A writer from San Francisco to Bradstreet's mentions the discovery of a new cotton field in Salt River valley, South-eastern California. The valley is thirty miles long and several miles wide, and this year one thousand acres of cotton were planted in six counties, through the center of which the Southern Pacific Railway runs. The yield per acre has surprised and delighted the planters, and the quality is said to equal the best grades of South Carolina and Georgia cotton. There are other fertile valleys in the same region, and it is estimated that at least three hundred miles may now be added to the length of the cotton belt of commerce. It is believed that certain parts of Arizona are also well adapted to the production of cotton. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants, says the New Orleans *Democrat*, will pour in to these new and rich countries as soon as the Texas Pacific and Atchison and Topeka

roads are completed, which will be some time next year, and there will be long built up a mighty empire between Texas and California, whose trade will enrich New Orleans and the cities of the West.

**The Worst of All.**—An English paper says: "American goods and produce seem to be finding a ready market in South Africa. All sorts of farm implements have been coming in from the States, and now American measles have appeared in the markets to the disgust of the colonial farmer. A queer consignment from the American market was landed at Port Elizabeth a few weeks since, consisting of some dozen or more coffins, with a glass plate let in to enable relatives to take a last glance at the face of the deceased." That glass plate is too much for our English friends, who will resent it as another Yankee trick to hurt their trade. It is too much.

**Messrs. Legru and Lavalle.** French gentlemen, representing a considerable amount of capital, have arrived in Monroe for the purpose of superintending the erection of beet-root sugar-factories in the Province of Quebec.

**Good news for Colorado.** A grub has been discovered in Asia Minor which destroys the eggs of grasshoppers. Some should carry the news to Le Duc, and have him order a few bushels by way of experiment.

## CITY ITEMS.

**Senator Edmunds.** Of Vermont, was a visitor here for a few days last week.

**CANVASSERS** make \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E.G. RIDOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York. Send for catalogue and terms, au18-ly

roads are completed, which will be some time next year, and there will be long built up a mighty empire between Texas and California, whose trade will enrich New Orleans and the cities of the West.

**No More Hard Times.** If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors, or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle*.

**C. M. Gould.** Orono, Maine, says: During more than twenty years' Boot and Shoe experience, I have paid considerable attention to Tip Goods, and will give it as my opinion that the A. S. T. Co. Tip will in time supersede all others for children's wear.

## Tell the Sick.

Thousands of lives are destroyed by diseases of the kidneys and liver. Kidney-Wort would save them. Tell the sick of it, and that it is for sale by all druggists in either dry or liquid form.—*London Times*.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age.** For over thirty-four years DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT has been the wonder of the medical, Colic, Spasmodic and Dysentery, taken internally, and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimplies, Blotches and Swellings, externally, and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it even if it was \$10 a bottle. Sold by Druggists at 25 and 50c. Depot, 42 Murray st., N. Y.

**DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.**

TUESDAY, Jan. 4, 1880.

**Flour.**—Receipts for the week, 9,833 bushels; shipments, 3,793 bushels. The market is rather weak and unsettled, the lower prices of wheat affecting business and causing buyers to hold off. Prices have declined 10@15¢ per bushel, and there is little inquiry for stock except to meet local wants. Quotations yesterday were:

Fancy white (city mills) ... \$1.45@1.50  
Oats (whole wheat country) ... 4.00@4.25  
Minneapolis ... 5.50@6.00  
Minnesota spring ... 7.00@8.75  
Saskatchewan ... 8.00@8.75

**Wheat.**—The receipt of wheat for the week have been 78,132 bu., against 73,699 bu. the previous week. Shipments 45,778 bu. Yesterday the market opened with considerable speculation apparent, and spot wheat went up to \$1 per No 1 white, and No 2 to 97¢. Considerable trading was done, but as the day advanced prices declined until at the close \$1 was the best bid for No 1, and 96¢ for No 2. No 2 red made no record. January wheat closed at \$1.01 per bushel and May at \$1.04 per bushel. At \$1.03 and May at \$1.07. The total sales for the day were as follows: No 1 white spot, 35 carloads and about 8,000 bushels; January, 27,000 bu.; March, 10,000 bushels; May, 16,000 bushels; April, 45,000 bushels; seller May, 50,000 bushels; No 2 white, 58 carloads.

**YOUNG MAN** named Feltman, was killed by a bullet on the Central road, near Sixteenth street, while attempting to jump on a passing train. At the inquest the jury brought in a verdict exonerating the railway company from any blame.

**Losses by fire** in the city of Detroit for the year 1880 were smaller than for any year during the past twenty. The total loss, was only \$65,194 on property valued at \$423,395, and insured for \$276,830. This speaks well for the vigilance of our fire department.

**Mr. Lewis J. Free.** who attends to the advertising of the Chicago & Rock Island Railway, and who has kept that road so prominently before our citizens, is now engaged in distributing a calendar for that company, which is one of the handsomest specimens of the printer's art that we have seen.

**JOHN FERGUSON.** proprietor of a small hotel here, was shot dead by a woman whom he had married on Christmas Day. He was under the influence of liquor, and threatened to kill her, when she ran upstairs, seized a revolver and shot at him twice, one ball passing through his chest, killing him instantly. The woman was sent to jail to await trial.

**GIL OSMUN,** state editor of the *Evening News*, has gone to Lansing, and will stir up the animals in the interest of that journal during the coming senatorial fight. "Gil" is a wide awake newspaper man, and a racy writer, and if the Lansing correspondence is not good reading this winter, the fault must not be laid to "Gil," but to our Legislature in not furnishing the material.

**EUGENE FECHT,** who has been on trial in the U. S. District Court on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the government by means of bogus pension claims, escaped for the present by a disagreement of the jury, who stood six for acquittal and six for conviction. Richardson, the colored man who confessed and implicated Fecht, appears to have been thought by a party of the jury unworthy of credence. Fecht is still held to bail.

**DR. COOPER.**—The receipts of the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**BEEF.**—Are quiet; 1 carload of No 1 white sold yesterday at 39¢; No 1 mixed are nominal at about 37¢. Buyers are rather looking for concessions.

**BEEF.**—Very little is moving, but notable marks are unchanged; desirable state samples could be placed \$1.50@1.80 and Canada at \$1.90@2.50.

**RYE.**—No movement; desirable receipts could be placed at 70@75¢.

**BUCKWHEAT.**—Is quiet; bagged lots could be placed at about 60¢ per bushel.

**BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.**—Dull at \$4.50@5.00 per bushel for State; eastern, \$5.50.

**CORN.**—Fresh ground stock, \$20@21.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**CHEESE.**—The market is steady and rather quiet at 13@13½¢, with a light demand.

**BEANS.**—Quite dull; city hand-picked \$1.70, with large stock; unpacked are in full supply at \$1.50@1.70. The market is dull, the recent heavy receipts overstocking it.

**HONEY.**—Market quiet, with light demand.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**CHEESE.**—The market is steady and rather quiet at 13@13½¢, with a light demand.

**BEANS.**—Quite dull; city hand-picked \$1.70, with large stock; unpacked are in full supply at \$1.50@1.70. The market is dull, the recent heavy receipts overstocking it.

**HONEY.**—Market quiet, with light demand.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**CHEESE.**—The market is steady and rather quiet at 13@13½¢, with a light demand.

**BEANS.**—Quite dull; city hand-picked \$1.70, with large stock; unpacked are in full supply at \$1.50@1.70. The market is dull, the recent heavy receipts overstocking it.

**HONEY.**—Market quiet, with light demand.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**CHEESE.**—The market is steady and rather quiet at 13@13½¢, with a light demand.

**BEANS.**—Quite dull; city hand-picked \$1.70, with large stock; unpacked are in full supply at \$1.50@1.70. The market is dull, the recent heavy receipts overstocking it.

**HONEY.**—Market quiet, with light demand.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**CHEESE.**—The market is steady and rather quiet at 13@13½¢, with a light demand.

**BEANS.**—Quite dull; city hand-picked \$1.70, with large stock; unpacked are in full supply at \$1.50@1.70. The market is dull, the recent heavy receipts overstocking it.

**HONEY.**—Market quiet, with light demand.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at 29¢ with a rather light demand; extra lots would bring a cent more.

**CHEESE.**—The market is steady and rather quiet at 13@13½¢, with a light demand.

**BEANS.**—Quite dull; city hand-picked \$1.70, with large stock; unpacked are in full supply at \$1.50@1.70. The market is dull, the recent heavy receipts overstocking it.

**HONEY.**—Market quiet, with light demand.

**FEEDS.**—For the week, 10,300 tons; shipments, 3,600 tons. Quoted at \$12@13¢; coarse feedings, \$12@13¢; fine feed, \$16@17¢; corn meal, \$20@21.

**BUTTER.**—The receipts of butter the past week were 38,883 lbs and the shipments were 27,800 lbs. The market is weaker. Fine roll is held at